Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poine ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Fal. ſtalffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtalffe ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were not for laughing I ſhould pittie him.

Poines How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tel you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you Vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named Uncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo: ſay you ſo. I ſay vn to you a gaine you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friende true & cõſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiõ: an excellẽt plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene rall courſe of the Action. Zounds & I were now by this raſcal, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lorde of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meet me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſom of them ſet forward already? what a pagan raſkall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſinceritie of feare and cold heart, wil he to the King, and lay open al our proceedinges. O, I could diuide my

my ſelfe, & go to buffets, for
with ſo honorable an action
we are prepared. I will ſet for
How now Kate, I muſt leaue

Lady O my good Lord, wh
For what offence haue I this
A baniſht woman from my H
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is'
Thy ſtomack, pleaſure, and th
Why doſt thou bend thine ey
And ſtart ſo often when thou
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh
And giuen my treaſures and
To thick eyd muſing, and cu
In my faint ſlumbers, I by th
And heard thee murmure ta
Speake tearmes of manage t
Cry courage to the field. An
Of ſallies, and retires, trench
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, pa
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuer
Of priſoners ranſome, and o
And all the current, of a hedd
Thy ſpirit within thee hath
And thus hath ſo beſtird the
That beds of ſweat hath ſtoo
Like bubbles in a late diſtur
And in thy face ſtrange mot
Such as we ſee when men reſt
On ſome great ſodaine haſt.
Some heauy buſines hath my
And I muſt know it, elſe he l

Hot what ho, is Gilliams
Ser. He is, my Lord, an h
Hot. Hath Butler brough
Ser. One horſe, my Lord,
Hot. What horſe? a roane
Ser. It is my Lord.